

sick. We played bridge after lunch with Ruth and Emily. That night we danced later than usual and everyone made merry. I wore my flag for the occasion of the King's birthday and we had heaps of fun. Some of the Danish people did their folk dances and they were so quaint. They always stared off by curtsying to their partners and opposites. The dance was like the Killarney square only slower time and not so much stepping. Before dancing we had the best dinner and I had to run around the deck several times before dancing.

June 4/26, Friday, 7th day

We watch our progress on a map by flags being placed along our route. When you see a few on the course you really think you are moving. People make \$1. pools and bet on the milage. I tried a 25 cents once but had no luck at all.

The girls saw a school of porpoise jumping about the boat but I played on (bridge) and missed it. We went to the movies again and they were the usual thriller. It showed pictures of Shagen which the most Northern part of Denmark. It was a series of waves, just one wave after another and a tiny bit of foam. It then showed where the two currents met--the Shagen and Kategal. The real movie was entitled the "Good Little Angel," and although in Danish I made out the title. Afterwards we strolled the decks then retired, sleeping like a log.

June 5, Saturday, 8th day out--over a week! Imagine and not seasick yet--nature is still grand--but foggy.

This is the Danish May 24th and so there was due celebration and decoration on board. Our few celebrities were in high spirits--Mathieson the noted painter was top hole. He is a man over seventy summers, a white beard and most distinguished looking. He could dance as well as any young Swede and we stepped high. His wife looks something like Ethel only a bit older, but fine looking. The old man can balance a glass on his head as well as the most experienced gymnast, even when the boat pitched. It was so hot dancing inside we stayed in the hall. The Captain came along and he is quite the sheik--but a good dancer. We nearly slipped downstairs several times. He's got great action when he dances. The latest case is the Doctor and Rose Rathborne, one of the girls. We are trying to plan a ship wedding but don't know if they'll oblige us or not. He follows about a good deal so we are hoping for the best. In due celebration to Denmark everyone got most merry and at twelve when the orchestra ceased, the professor sat down and a petite little Swede sat down beside him, an arm about his neck and her tongue rattling on in fine form and spirits. It was just getting to be a fine party when it broke up and we turned in.

June 6, Sunday, 9th day

Slept in--just up in time for lunch--I have the rail down on my upper so I may roll out anytime. When I got up I found water under my berth. "The ship is sinking" thought I and called in a plumber. My suit case was wet but luckily I had taken my clothes out so nothing was hurt. A steam pipe was leaking but was soon fixed.

I was up on the wheel house. They have all kinds of funny things. Horns to ring in every room in case of trouble. Apparatus to take longitude latitude and they tell the time by the sun. They have a new kind of compass with queer marks I have never seen. Instead of steering cross chains they have pipes and glycerine combination. There are two propellers and we go 15 miles per hour--slow but sure, but would run away on the Manitou.

Sunday was a bit more like Sunday as I read a book called "After Noon" which was simply splendid. There was dancing and bridge at night but I did not indulge as much as usual.

June 7, Tenth day--Foggy as the deuce but cleared up around noon

Just after lunch the kids started roaring about the deck then embracing one another. The thrill of Columbus' cry "I see land," was broadcasted and everyone rushed up on deck quick and we saw land--first seven rocks--barbarous looking things called the Hunters then later the Hebrides just off the coast of Scotland. The Captain gave his big farewell dinner. Ye Gods

what a feast. The menu remains a very dear memory. The tables were lovely with firecrackers and liberty cakes, round rings of sort of macaroni cake tier on tier, a ship on the top and beautifully decorated with candy flowers and pretty fire crackers. Gee it was good. So was the parfait. We even had an appetizer of champaign and madeira--and I didn't get a kick at all. The champaign was clear and 1876ss--so called. It was my very first but not difficult to tackle. We had it with out entre--fish then with our desert we had the madeira--a rich dark red wine which was the best and hottest ever. It was the berries. The Captain made a pretty speech and said nice things about we girls and Miss McKinstry was dumb enough to not let us reply. Some of the Danish people thought us very rude. Just at the close of the big feast the Captain had to rush away as the fog was very dense. As we were having coffee in the smoking room we heard a boat answer our whistle and we rushed on deck to find a boat had passed within 50 feet of us and we were forced to turn sharply. It was quite exciting for a while. The orchestra couldn't play up stairs as they had to listen to signals so we had a game of bridge then walked. It was very light out but still foggy. The Captain was forced to change his course and go North between the Orkneys and the Shetlands as our course so near Scotland was quite dangerous so we changed our course to the tune of the whistle blowing all night long. I didn't bat an eye-lash. We retired at 2 AM and it was still light.

June 8, 11th day out--still foggy but we're in the North Sea and its smooth as brothers cheek.

I slept in until noon and ate a huge luncheon. We had a meeting after lunch and Miss McK. told us a bit about the school, Bukh and of our work to be. Miss Luffman then told us our rooms and I was put with Elise and Mary Ward. I like them O.K. but Elise roomed with Mary at school and I could not picture me a 3rd so discussed it with Elise and decided to room with Kaye Cronon whose in my cabin now and I like her heaps even if she is older. I'm frightfully relieved. I got the most beautiful marcel 75cents 2 1/2 Krone and went to dinner feeling like a million. Kaye and I watched some fishing vessels pass. Queer little boats with long narrow smock stacks, two masts and sails. We passed three.

photo

I went to powder my nose before dancing--ow!--my Marcel had vanished completely! Salt water is not kind so I said bye bye krones and danced on. The North Sea is as calm as glass--or Lake Simcoe. You don't know you're on a boat. To-night I saw them take the depth. On the stern they have a machine where they throw an oblong weight into the water. Just above it some red fluid is put into a tube and tied to a stick above the weight.

The water pressure on it tells them the depth. To be sure the weight touches the bottom some tallow is put on the end and sand sticks to it. A machine on deck registers the amount of wire let out and the depth can be taken. The depth then is recorded and added to the ship's log. The log being the record for the boat which is very interesting. Aren't I getting to be a smart child?

June 9, 12 days

Thrills! Was awakened this morning by a put-put outside my window. I leaned out--much hair in the breezes and discovered a boat along side. They were tied and our boat had stopped. An old sea dog scurried up the ladder thrown to him and we picked up a pilot for Christiansand. I thought I'd best get up--which I did and see if I could see land. Joy!--I could. The mountains appeared just like Killarney. Normandy! All rocks, not of the reddish hue like Georgian Bay but old weather beaten relics. The sea was very smooth but unfortunately the day was dull at the early hour of 8 AM. Just before we arrived Kaye and I rushed to breakfast. What a breakfast! First huge one for ages. I now wonder why I overslept when there were meals like that. We rushed it and were in time to see the boats come to meet us and people getting on and off. The sail-boats passing were most picturesque against the high rocks. The little town stood out with its white houses and red roofs. One tall church steeple had a green top but the others were very much alike. Our boat did

not land but we anchored so very close and yet the water was 20 fathoms deep (120 feet). The channel was similar to Collins Inlet. I imagine we were too far out to see the heavy pines. I noticed some islands which seemed to be built up with stone and had the appearance of green grass on top--very flat. I overheard a person saying it was a very old fort built in 1600--and it showed it. It was most interesting. (We will just say a word about this port because during WW II, it was in going up this fiord at the same place that there was a German battle ship anchored there and they only had one shot in this little fort, which didn't look as though it had been used in centuries, and they took a crack at this German battleship and knocked the captains bridge right off the bow of the boat. Therefore, they could'nt use their guns, they had no light, this one shot entirely disabled this great German battleship. They felt very smart about that for a long time.)

As the people left the band played and the people had to go down the steps to small boats. We started on, and about dinner time arrived at Oslo. I was so excited I could hardly eat. We had Madeira, the most wonderful red wine, I had two glasses and forgot all about it. After we had our passports marked we at last tread on "terra firma." Was I thrilled? To my surprize I had not developed sea legs from neither wine nor water. The doctor in his civics came with the twenty six of us and showed us the city. We embarked in five cars. Of course I picked a "Buick." I'll say they travel! We passed a few Victorian cabs

such as Montreal boasts of. What a shame it was about nine o'clock, still light but too dark for pictures. We sped along brick roads, narrow and fairly bumpy. Our driver couldn't speak English, looked more Bolsheviki with a very red nose and brilliant hued neck. We passed some odd looking street cars, a bright blue in colour, very narrow, more like our "Toonerville Trolley" with open place in front and back. Still they had the usual strap hanger and merrily bumped along. We drove up to a huge white building which towered above the rest. It had many columns and pillars. This we were told was the King's Palace. Anne who sat with the driver was amazing for her conversation with the driver, (because she could speak Swedish). We were told their King was very tall and exceedingly popular. Then we passed the university. Hugh stately stone buildings by a gorgeous park, near the Palace. It was about ideal with its lovely gardens. We only regretted we were too late to see the old viking ships they valued so highly.

Next came the mountain road. Up we went past the most gorgeous gardens and attractive homes I have ever seen. One smelled lilacs everywhere. Even more than in Canada (and always I have thought of this lovely drive throughout my life in June). Their horse chestnut trees were in bloom like ours and there were heaps of locust trees. The lilacs were the loveliest. Mauve and white, hedges or numerous trees everywhere. After the water trip we literally drank them in. The houses were so different and most attractive, I thought the roofs more like our barn roofs.

High then sloping off sharply. They were mostly red, some mixed blue and red, others a dull slate colour. They appeared all angles to me, no two the same. I have never seen so many varied balconies and sleeping porches. Most houses were white. Many had small pillars and all had attractive fronts. None had our conventional verandas but all seemed different. Our road was snaky. I held my breath many times; expecting to jump over into the deep gorge at the next bad curve which was really the next, and next, and next. Praises be to my friend the Buick, how proud I was to think of ours resting at home. This was a touring car which literally ate up the hills and it had some driver believe me. Forty miles I gasped and sighed at the speedometer. The road was narrow, but the recent rain kept the dust down. The higher we went the more pine. Mostly spruce! The odour! Oh it was so good! For the first time we passed a thatched cottage, or probably a road house. There were many round houses each one different and so attractive. All had beautiful flowers and some with gorgeous gardens. One most attractive cottage was white. Had a light blue veranda or porch, a rose coloured front and black door, sounds queer but it was the most fascinating combination. On a short distance our driver stopped suddenly for the first time before a small glassy lake on our left. It was so still, the reflections were perfect. This he explained (or tried to) was the world famous Holmekollen Ski Jump place. We looked up. It looked like a log skid but on closer inspection, one noticed a small slide for a start, then a platform for a jump and

the dizzy descent. The jumps were 180 feet. I simply could not understand it. The lake was heavily wooded all round about, and it seemed so small. I always thought the jumper had to slide so far after his jump, but perhaps the lake was larger than it looked. Had I jumped, I'd keep on going, run up on the road and bury myself in the high rocks on the other side. I thought the jump most remarkable. On we went to the very top. There we found the most fascinating road house of all. We got out of the car to investigate. Small tables were about outside in front and there were many balconies. Although nearly ten, it was light. Not many people were there as yet. Those who were seemed older and were eating and drinking. Not our wild booze parties but you'd see them scull each other. Just below were the oddest tiny buildings. Much a curio shop to us. They were closed but outside were a dull brown in colour and had curious front doors with a great deal of carving. They had roofs of grass, some quite long grass, very green, with pine trees growing on them. It was lovely above the brown colour. One little building appeared to be on stilts. Below protruded affairs which gave it the appearance of being on rockers. We investigated and to our surprise found them to be whales' ribs. Imagine a floating rib thus, that a house could rest on. We could see distinctly where they joined the wales spine, if they had such a thing. It really looked the part--a bone of a whale--and a wale of a bone. We started walking back to the ski jump. There were the loveliest flowers, and to my surprise many blueberry bushes. We looked



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